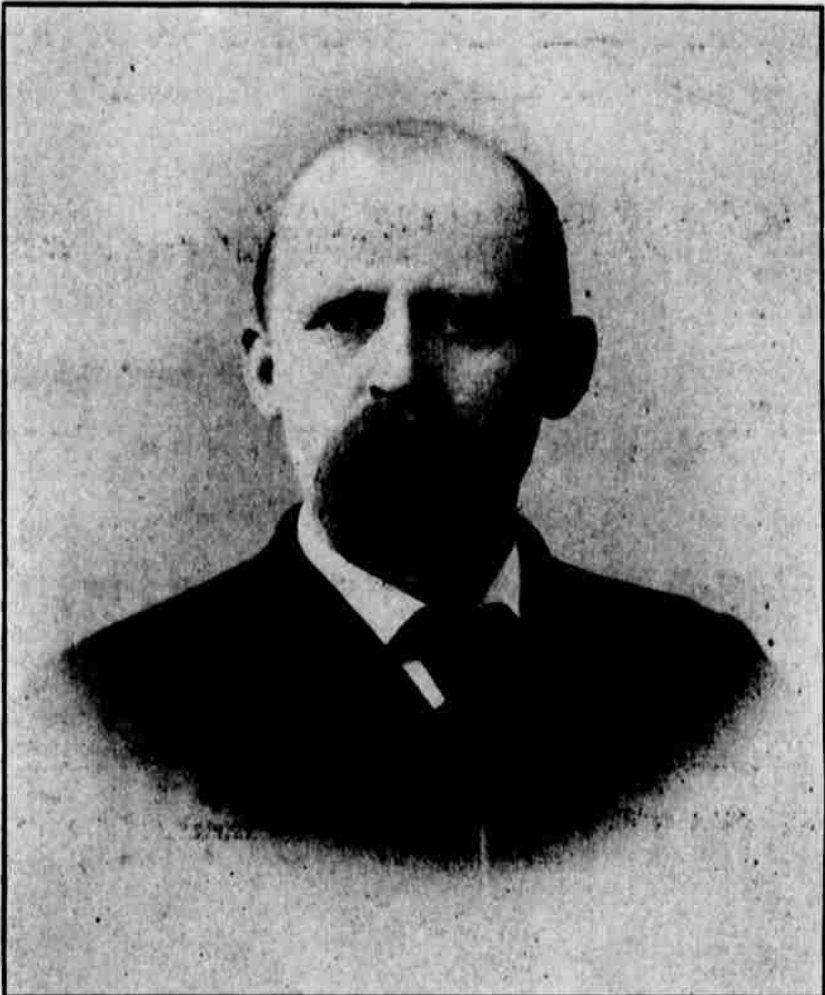




FRANK L. SHEPARD,

Prominent Republican Candidate for the Legislature, 2d Senatorial District.



HON. JOHN MEYER,

The Popular Member of the House, who will Undoubtedly be Re-nominated.



HON. DANIEL G. GERST,

Prominently Mentioned by Republicans for the Legislature in the 19th District.

A Toilet Luxury.

One more is added to the long row of cut-glass bottles that nowadays find a place on every woman's dressing-table and slip into sockets in her fitted traveling bag. It is filled with a clear white liquid, without the use of which the careful woman's toilet is scarcely complete. Listerine—for that is the liquid's name—is not an expensive toilet article. Twenty-five cents will fill a good-sized bottle, and it is a precious pleasant ounce of prevention against pounds of cure.

Dainty women, heedful of the condition of their teeth, use a teaspoonful in their toothbrush water once a day, or every night, just before going to bed, rinse out throat and mouth with a teaspoonful of Listerine in four of water. Women who sing and who are troubled with hoarseness or sore throat use the same preparation for a gargle with most beneficial results.

For mild turns of indigestion this simple, soothing remedy is an almost magic corrective. The dose is a teaspoonful in about four times the amount of water, and, where an unpleasant

taste lingers in one's mouth, a washing out with a little Listerine and water leaves the lips sweet and odorless. Dentists particularly recommend the use of Listerine for the teeth, for it cleanses as no brush ever can be expected to, carries off or nullifies all the ill effects of the tiny deposits in the teeth, corrects acidity, and acts, in short, like a magic potion. It is very like yasmine in the comfort it gives, and now belongs to the toilet pharmacy along with cologne, camphor ice, and the rest of it.

A **CHERRY** furnishing goods department has been added to **Shayne's** State street store.

Furn's wicker beer is a healthy and nourishing drink.

The foolish American in Paris saith in his heart, "It is proper to eat snails."

The German race has the largest percentage of suicides.

HAD FUN WITH THE DRUMMER.

The Knight of the Grapick Came Out as Well as Could Be Expected.

"In 1882," said Harry Caruthers, of Missouri, "I was drumming for a St. Louis hardware firm in western Texas. It was in the stormy days of free-grass agitation. There was a general uprising against the fencing in of large tracts of grazing land on which the small cattle owners' stock had from time immemorial pastured gratis. The people were up in arms because grass was no longer to be a free commodity. To emphasize their displeasure and to discourage the fencing in of the lands they began, in many counties west of Fort Worth, to cut the barbed wire fencing so that their longhorns could again roam at sweet will over the broad acres thickly carpeted with the nutritious mesquite grass.

"Of course the owners of the fenced territory objected, and a good many shooting scrapes followed. The 'knight of the nippers,' as the fence cutters were called, came in collision with the law, but still they persevered in their work, and in the silent hours of the night, on the desolate stretches of the prairie, bands of resolute fellows would lay low miles upon miles of detested wire. Finally the governor of the state called a special session of the Legislature, which made wire cutting a felony, and gradually the business was broken up.

"While the excitement was at its height I was making one of my regular trips, journeying in a buggy, as there was no railroad in that section then, and on a certain August afternoon was nearing Brownwood, the county seat of Brown County, in which there was the fiercest opposition to fencing up the land. As I got within about three miles of town there came advancing toward me a band of at least twenty rough-looking fellows on native ponies, every man of them carrying a Winchester rifle. There was nothing to alarm me in this, however, as stockmen in that country usually carry their guns with them, and there was no reason to apprehend danger. But in a few seconds I was undeceived, and will frankly own to being one of the worst scared men that ever felt his heart sink down into his boots. I was ordered to halt in language made pointed by reason of its irreverence, and the leader of the company requested me to throw up my hands. I p they went, and I expected to be perforated by bullets every second.

"Now, you d—tenderfoot, tell us what you are: declare yourself right here if you expect to see another sunrise. Are ye fur free grass or agin it?"

"It was a critical moment, and I did some rapid thinking. I felt a little bit of relief in knowing that I hadn't encountered a gang of robbers, but how to answer that question stumped me. If I answered wrong I might as well say my prayers. I couldn't guess whether the crowd had suffered from the depredations of the free grazers or in sympathy with them.

"A bright idea struck me, and without asking permission to drop my hands I hauled out my bag of samples, opened it hurriedly, and began to orate: 'Gentlemen, pardon, I beg you, a stranger in the land from expressing any positive views on a subject that he does not comprehend like yourselves. Please take a glance at my samples. You will, I know, excuse a poor St. Louis drummer from taking sides, but you can get here anything you like. I am prepared to sell you barbed wire and wire stretchers, or if you prefer hatchets and wire cutters it would afford me equal pleasure to supply your wants in that line.'

"Then I made a low bow and tried to smile, but I guess it was a sickly effort, for I still wasn't sure but that I'd be assassinated. When the entire gang, that had looked solemn as owls all the time, broke into boisterous laughter as soon as my speech was ended I felt that my life was saved. The rascals had only been having a little fun with me, but the fun was all on one side."

Preferred White Meat.

"Though lions are timid enough in the day-time," said a well-seasoned African hunter, "when the sun has set and darkness comes on they become bold and fearless, and often urged by hunger reckless and daring. It is by no means unusual for oxen to be seized at the yoke or horses to be killed inside the stable, or while tied to the wheel of a wagon; while in Mashonaland alone four men were carried off and eaten by lions during the first two years of the occupation of the country. One of these unfortunate was a young man who was about to start a market garden in the neighborhood of Umtali settlement. He had gone away with a cart and four oxen to buy some native meal at one of the Kafir kraals, and had outspanned for the night at a spot about six miles distant from the little township. The oxen were tied up to the yokes, and Mr. Teale was lying asleep under the cart, alongside of a native, when a lion walked up and seized him by the shoulder, carried him off and ate him. This lion, be it noted, showed a refined taste in disregarding the Kafir and seizing the European."

One Step from the Sublime.

At a recent missionary meeting a young minister named B. was called upon to give an address.

Mr. B.'s style is remarkably flowery, but those "purple patches" with which he frequently adorns his speeches are highly distasteful to Brother T., a plain, practical, old traveling preacher, who happened on the present occasion to be sitting on the platform.

"Methtinks, brethren," exclaimed Mr. B. in the course of his oration, during which he had surveyed mankind from China to Peru, "Methtinks I can hear the clash of the cymbals in the great procession of Juggernaut; I can smell the spicy breezes of Ceylon wafted—"

"No, Brother B.," interrupted Mr. T. very solemnly; "it's the broken gasp you can smell—the man hasn't fixed it yet!"

Brother B.'s speech came to an abrupt conclusion amid the laughter of the audience.

The masters who inaugurate time in music, should also have established a proper time in which to play

VAST ARMY OF BRIDGE BUILDERS

Striking Instance of Intelligence Among the Lower Animals.

The following story, told by an eyewitness, is entitled to a place among the instances of intelligence among the lower animals. A cook was much annoyed to find his pastry shelves attacked by ants. By careful watching it was discovered that they came out twice a day in search of food, at about 7 in the morning and 4 in the afternoon. How were the pies to be protected against the invaders?

He did not have long to wait, for at 8:50 o'clock he noticed that off in the left-hand corner of the pantry was a line of ants slowly making their way in the direction of the pies. They seemed like a vast army coming forth to attack an enemy. In front was a leader who always kept a little ahead of his troops. They were of the sort known as red ants, and the cook regarded as the most intelligent of its kind whose scientific name is formica rubra.

About forty ants out of 500 stepped out and joined the leader. The general and his aide held a council and then proceeded to examine a circle of molasses. Certain portions of it seemed to be assigned to the different ants, and each selected unerringly the point in the section under his charge where the stream of molasses was narrowest. Then the leader made his tour of inspection. The order to march was given, and the ants all made their way to a hole in the wall, at which the plating was loose. Here they broke ranks and set about carrying pieces of plaster to the place in the molasses which had been agreed upon as the narrowest. To and fro they went from the nail hole to the molasses, until, at 10 o'clock, they had thrown a bridge across. Then they formed themselves in line again and marched over, and by 11:45 every ant in the foraging expedition was contentedly eating pie.—Rocky Mountain News.

The Fool Mule and the Bull.

There is a dead mule back in Kentucky, a sun-colored, fool mule. For a long time this mule and a swaggar young bull have lived on the farm of the Benedictine Monks, beyond Covington.

When the brothers rose yesterday there was an unearthly sound in the pasture lot below the monastery. It was the mule and the bull fighting. The blood ran in streams from the bull's nose and mouth. The mule was unhurt. He was moving on a pivot, with his heels ever toward the big angry brute on the circumference of the circle trodden in the grass.

Suddenly, with lowered head and a bellow like thunder, the bull rushed at the mule. There was a flash of steel, a thud, and the bull was on his knees. The mule was on the kick. Time and again the bull went down before the mule's lightning foot. Once more he made a rush, then retired, seemingly beaten.

The mule looked about, shook himself, and began to eat grass. The first time his eyes had left the bull the latter saw his chance. When he had finished with the mule there was scarcely enough left to bury.

One of the monks said he was a fool, like other mules; then they killed the bull to put him out of his misery.—Cincinnati Tribune.

She Didn't Know the Custom.

A young Swiss, who had not been long in the country, became infatuated with a "beauteous" maiden recently, and sought her hand. The idea of proving his love was in accordance with the romantic Swiss custom. It is this: The young Swiss who is in love climbs, at the risk of his life and limb, upon the Alps in search of wild flowers. These flowers attest the fact that he endangered his life for his sweetheart. The wooer throws the floral offering at the feet of his loved one, and she is considered very cold-hearted who refuses a case like this.

So our young friend, the Swiss, sought the mountains in the western part of his State. He climbed and climbed in the most dangerous localities, and gathered some wild plants. True, they were not in bloom, but still they answered the purpose. He returned in ecstasy to his "beauteous" maiden, cast the results of his search at her feet, and then humbly asked her to marry him. The maiden did not understand.

the Swiss custom, and she was not particularly impressed with the beauty of her ardent lover's offering.

"Why did you not bring me American beauties?" she asked, rather plaintively, after the plighting of the troth.

The Vindictive Archer.

Philip of Macedon lost one of his eyes by a very singular accident. Besieging the small city of Mentone, a man named Aster, of Amphipolis, offered his services to Philip, telling him that he was so excellent a marksman that he could bring down birds in their most rapid flight. The monarch made this answer:

"Well, then, I will take you into my service when I make war upon starlings."

This reply stung the archer to the quick, and it was fully proved that reparations may be of fatal consequences to him who makes it. Aster, having thrown himself into a party, let fly an arrow on which was written, "To Philip's right eye." This carried a most cruel proof that he was a good marksman, for he actually hit him in the right eye.

Philip, however, sent him back the arrow with this inscription: "If Philip takes Mentone he will hang Aster." And accordingly, having taken it, he kept his word.

The Great Herley Warehouse.

The Herley Brothers Commission Company have reopened their great warehouse at 428 to 448 North Halsted street, and have sent out the following circular in connection therewith:

To consumers and dealers of hay, oats, grain, flour, and feed of all kinds:

We wish to call your attention to the fact that if you do not buy your feed at our warehouse you are unaware of the benefits you can derive by so doing.

We handle the best goods only and sell at rock-bottom prices, for the many advantages we have over other wholesale feed men are so great that it enables us to sell first-class goods as cheap as others sell second-class.

Our warehouse is the largest, handiest and most complete hay and grain warehouse in the city of Chicago, covering one acre of ground and situated on the C. & M. & St. P. R. R. tracks, where we have our own private track and receive all our goods direct to our warehouse. This is a great advantage, as it saves the expense of hauling, which is quite an item.

We have constructed, in addition to our warehouse, the latest improved grain elevator system, which unloads, elevates and conveys, by machinery, all our grain from cars on our track direct to our elevator, without rehandling. This is a great labor saving, and adds greatly to the value of grain, as all grain passes through our grain elevator, which frees it from all dust and chaff, and leaves it perfectly clean.

There is no waiting outside on the street in cold and wet at our warehouse, as we have provided large driveways for teams, and plenty of waiting rooms in our warehouse. All our cars are elevated, so that you can drive under them and put on a load in less than five minutes.

We do a straight wholesale and retail mercantile business, and you will always find us here, from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m., ready to show you our goods and give you prices. We invite you to call and examine our stock, look at our cleaning and conveying machinery and see the way we do business.

Thanking you for your past favors, and hoping we may receive your orders, we remain, yours very respectfully,

HERLEY BROS. COMMISSION CO.

At the Jumping-Off Place.

An Eastern newspaper man one nasty, raw day in the early springtime found himself in a small town on the Missouri River, which was without exception the worst place he had ever struck, and he had boarded in Brooklyn. He was standing on the muddy bank of the river waiting for a boat that was a week or ten days behind, when a native came slowly up from the miserable wharftboat. He talked to him awhile and did not stint himself in uncomplimentary remarks about the place, all of which the other man acquiesced in.

"By George," he exclaimed, "what's the name of the town, anyhow? I've been so mad ever since I've been here I hadn't thought to ask."

The native told him.

"Is that it?" retorted the journalist. "Well, why don't they call it 'A-mille-from-God's-knowledge'?"

The native grinned as he started on. "Case its furdin' that," he said, and passed out of sight in the murky atmosphere.

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PROPRIETOR.



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Pleasant tours to the celebrated Magnetic Mineral Springs at Grand Haven and Spring Lake, costing only \$5 for the round trip, berth included. The splendid new steamships "ATLANTA" and "CITY OF RACINE" on this route.

Our magnificent new twin-screw steel steamship "VIRGINIA" will take her place on the day run between Chicago and Milwaukee, leaving Chicago daily at 9 a. m. We take pleasure in calling the attention of the public to this magnificent steamship as being the finest passenger steamship carrying the American flag anywhere. Fare on the day trip only \$1, Chicago to Milwaukee. The new steamship "INDIANA" is the night boat for Milwaukee. Rate on night trip \$5, berth included.

The "VIRGINIA" makes the round trip to Milwaukee every Sunday, leaving Chicago at 9 a. m. Returning, leaves Milwaukee at 5 p. m., and arrives back in Chicago at 9:30 p. m. Fare for this trip only \$1.

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Every day for Grand Haven, Muskegon, Grand Rapids, at.....7:30 p. m.
Daily for Petokey, Traverse City and Mackinac Island, via Grand Haven and Spring Lake, at.....7:00 p. m.
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Sundays excepted. For further information regarding routes and rates of fare, call on our agent (Office and Dock foot of Michigan avenue, Chicago).

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